

# **Topeka State Journal**

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By FRANK P. MAC LENNAN.

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Why should Japan go to all the trouble and expense of sending an army to Pekin? Why doesn't she make known her demands on the Chinese government through the medium of a diplomatic note? Almost anybody, or any nation, can obtain just about whatever may be desired of China by merely asking it, provided the politeness in which the requests are couched be sufficiently forceful or threatening. China, you know, is the world's greatest example of the peace-at-any-price artist, and simply because she is practically unprepared in any way to protect and defend either her territorial integrity or her national honor. And there are actually a few mollycoddles in these United States who would be content to see their country in the same sort of a boat.

How Kansas-like is the brand of July weather that has been prevailing during the first few days of October. No doubt about the unexpected's always happening in Kansas's weather arena.

No milk for the babies on New York's East side now, is the way the headlines are reading. And it is on the East Side of New York City where the poorer of the little innocents of the great town live. This is surely getting to be a great country, overflowing with milk and honey, but which appears to be served regularly only to the relatively few. Even when the high prices may not be absolutely prohibitive, a strike or something else comes along to toss a monkey-wrench into the machinery of the poorer folk's lives.

Shove me the way to get home, pal, or some song to that effect ought to knock down the fortune that an El Paso dispatch declares is waiting the person who can write or suggest a song that will catch the transient fancy of the American troops along the Mexican border.

Speaking of happy families, now that Colonel Roosevelt and ex-President Taft have shaken hands again and thereby buried their little hatchet, the one in the Republican household surely has all the symptoms of being of the most fortunate variety. And after all, it is only the really big people, the large-calibered men who can have their quarrels, and blither, too, and then compose their differences with a handshake. It is only the peewee who fight and then grouch along at each other for the remainder of their days.

This is the last of the two good roads' days in Missouri for this year, and while every road improvement effort is commendable, the likelihood that the good roads which are built in a day and for the most part by amateurs at the road-making art are likely to wash out and away during the first night that there is a heavy rain.

If V. Carranza wants war with the United States, as Brigadier General Bell, U. S. A., seems to think, it must mean that the First Chief of Mexico realizes that he is at the end of his rope and that a war between his forces and those of the United States would be the easiest way for him to get out of the Mexican muddle and save his face with his friends below the Rio Grande, provided he has any friends down there. Possibly such a war would give him an excellent opportunity to hike to safer fields, and with the Mexican valuables of one sort or another that he has been able to accumulate. These cannot be many, tho, as Huerta cleaned up the Mexican cupboard in a rather thorough fashion.

## **EIGHT BILLIONS OF TRADE.**

Even after the present extraordinary movement in our foreign trade had been under way for some time, a prediction that our sales of goods abroad in a single month would reach half a billion dollars would

have seemed fantastic, says the *Annalist*, yet in August that figure was substantially exceeded. It is hard to adjust statistical perception to so rapid an expansion in the volumes every-day business is placing before us. It was relatively recently that our aggregate foreign trade reached \$4,000,000,000, but it is within the range of probability that our foreign trade this year will amount to twice that sum. A good way to realize how extraordinary a thing has happened in our foreign trade is to attempt to picture an increase in that trade to \$16,000,000,000 by 1920. That would be to double our trade in four years. That is what we actually have done. It took from 1899 to 1912 to go from two billions to four, a period of thirteen years; it has taken but four years to go from four billions to a probable eight billions.

## **NO INDUSTRIAL DEPRESSION IN ENGLAND.**

During the first eight months of the calendar year 1914, Great Britain was at peace, and her total exports for that period were in the neighborhood of \$1,500,000,000.

During the first eight months of 1916 Great Britain has been playing her part, and a big one, in the most gigantic war in her history, or the history of the world. Many of her factories are engaged in the manufacture of war munitions, and thousands of her workmen are on the firing line, their places in mills and workshops being taken by women.

Nevertheless, the total exports of Great Britain during this eight months' period were valued at nearly \$2,000,000,000, which is not much evidence of industrial prostration there, even if considerable is being heard these days in this country that such is the case.

British exports during the month of August, 1916, increased about \$75,000,000 over 1915, the chief increase being in manufactured articles, cotton textiles increasing \$15,000,000, and iron and steel manufactures \$12,500,000. Exports of cotton goods to the United States for last August totaled 4,400,000 yards, compared with 1,952,000 yards in August, 1915; woollens, 469,000 yards compared with 402,000 yards the same month last year.

England is fighting and fabricating and making progress in both directions.

Our trade figures for the eight months ended August, 1916, will not be available for some weeks, but the official figures for the six months ended June, 1916, show that our total imports from Great Britain for that period amounted to \$173,000,000. For the six months ended June, 1915, and when the Payne-Aldrich tariff law was in operation, they totaled \$132,000,000.

In spite of the stress of the war under which she is laboring, England increased her hold on our market for the six months' period of 1916 just 30 per cent over the same period in 1915.

For the first six months of the calendar year, 1914, just before the war began, and under the operation of the Underwood tariff law, our imports from Great Britain totaled \$154,000,000, an increase of \$22,000,000 over the 1913 period, but the lower rates of duty carried by the Democratic law resulted in less revenue, despite the increase in imports. That revenue had to be made up, of course, and it was recouped by the route of internal taxation.

England is not an exporter of raw materials to any considerable extent. She exports manufactured products, and every dollar's worth she disposes of in the United States means the displacement of a dollar's worth of domestic product and the cutting down of the American laborer's opportunity to make that product.

The wage-rate of England is about one-half that paid to labor in the United States. The wage-rate in Germany is even lower, or about one-third of our own.

Recently, at the Trades Union Congress in Birmingham, England, representatives of 2,500,000 British mill workers, voted by over one million majority for a resolution demanding that Great Britain return to a protective tariff basis, and the resolution they adopted was right along the line of the arguments used by the Republicans for a protective tariff here, and one that has often brought prosperity to this country, and without the aid of a European war to assist that prosperity.

This resolution declares for "the adoption of methods for restricting or preventing the importation of cheap manufactured goods produced at lower rates of wages and under worse labor conditions than prevail in this (England) country."

The British Board of Trade, as long ago as the first of this year, also declared for a return to the protective policy.

Were the British mill workers and the British Board of Trade striking at the United States with these demands, at this country where the wage-rate is higher, and labor conditions better than those of England?

Certainly not.

They are afraid of German competition, which, before the war, was undermining British foreign trade, and even breaking into the domestic markets of John Bull.

If Germany must buck against a high tariff, or a reasonably protective tariff in England and France, and Russia, and the United States is operating under the near-free-trade tariff law which some of the Democratic statesmen declare to be, if anything, too high in many of its schedules,

where are the products of the pit-lance-paid labor of Germany going to find the easiest outlet?

And where will England sell her products, if not in our close to free-trade market?

If this country is to survive industrially after the war it would appear to need a much better protective tariff law than the Democratic statesmen are apparently disposed to give it, and notwithstanding their sudden adherence to a tariff commission plan, which theoretically and basely contemplates a system of tariff protection.

## **JOURNAL ENTRIES**

Competency is always worth the money it costs.

Probably the love at first sight is the blindest kind.

A good hard kick is often most salutary medicine for its victim.

The man who is content with his portion in life seldom has one of very great proportions.

It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways, and so in all likelihood to the impure all things are impure.

## **JAYHAWKER JOTS**

A bachelor never figures on marrying a widow, declares the *Pittsburgh Headlight*, but when a widow figures on marrying a bachelor the wedding bells do ring.

It's the opinion of the *Lawrence Journal-World* that the average woman is quite sure that at least once during her lifetime she will find a man under her bed.

The *Hutchinson News* tells of a man living near Council Bluffs who has lost a lot of real money. And the reason? He recently sold 1,780 bushels of corn at 80 cents a bushel.

Observation by Editor Young, in his *Oakley Graphic*: If you permitted a woman to do it, when she planted a garden it would all be spinach. . . . When a man has tried all other remedies for publicity and failed he starts to walk across the continent. . . . It is about time for three-fourths of the candidates now running for office to pick out a location of good soil, and not timber. . . . It always seems strange to us, but we never knew of an organization of Willing Workers that ever did anything.

The average man of forty or fifty would not have much fun if he could be turned into a kid again and sent to school, because the figures of the Emporia schools show few lickings during the past year. Forty years ago a teacher who did not mail all hands every day thought he was lecturing his duty. The average man of forty or fifty would have a sad time in the school of today. He could not spit on his mate, because the states have been ruled out as germ carriers. He could not get a drink because he would not know that he was expected to practice charity anywhere.

Also he would be lost when time for the drawing lesson or the manual training class came. The average man of forty or fifty would start to pick out a location of good soil, and not timber. . . . It always seems strange to us, but we never knew of an organization of Willing Workers that ever did anything.

What? No Clothes for Soldiers? Headline in our own well-known paper: BARE GARRISON PLAN FOR ARMY.

Let us save Vienna! She may have had her faults. But she gave the world the sausage. And the pretty dreamy waltz.

## **GLOBE SIGHTS**

[From the *Athens Globe*.]

Remember the time when you had beefsteak for dinner?

Remember that your explanation never sounds as lucid to anyone else.

It is a shame something of a mystery to a boy that so few people starve to death.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who wore red flannel underwear?

It makes some persons mad to see someone else being sensible and economical.

There being no nobility in this country, a politician's children aren't apt to inherit much.

The trouble is that the man who says charity begins at home seldom practices charity anywhere.

Some of the bum guesses are offered to a credulous populace disguised as reliable information.

Have nothing to say," said an indignant woman today, when she talked her head off. These women!

The man who is afraid he is going to do too much is in slight danger of being promoted to greater responsibilities.

Occasionally a ball team or a race horse comes from behind and wins, but it isn't a good starting point for every-day use.

The mother of a boy has a fertile imagination which is largely devoted to thinking of the misfortunes which may befall her son.

Nearly every town numbers among its inhabitants some ornery character of whom it is said that he was educated for the ministry.

## **POINTED PARAPHRASES.**

[From the *Chicago News*.]

Love that seldom grows old is the love of money.

Never argue with a wasp; it is sure to carry its point.

# **ON SPUR OF THE MOMENT**

By ROY E. MOULTON.

The Ukulele Band.  
When your feet begin a titchin'  
And your shoulders start a twitchin'  
And across the hall you glide  
You begin to wave a torch  
Like a boat upon the water  
And you listen to the music of the ukulele band.

All your being seems to quiver  
Like the ripples on a river.  
And the perspiration oozes from the hollow of your hand.  
You can love most any girl  
If you glide and dip and waltz.  
If you're dancing to the music of the ukulele band.  
—A. D. S.

There ain't nothing in this world that sounds as cheap as a lot of talk.

The trouble with the life insurance agent is that they always pounce upon a fellow when he has got forty other things to do.

We cannot what keeps the chawing tobacco factories going. Nobody will own up that he uses the stuff except ball players and telegraph operators.

There is only one class of people as foolish about the styles as the women, and they are the men.

Wilson's Mexican policy seems to please everybody excepting the Mexicans. Well, by giner, you can't please a Mexican, now. They ain't got no sense of humor.

Miss Amy Stubbs' new hair covers her ears so that she can't hear nothing. Elmer Spink proposed to her three times last week.

A Jitney Tangle.

A Main street sign says: "Photographs for a jitney each," but we suppose old Roddy McPhee will insist that a jitney is a bus.—Houston Post.

Colonel Bailey, in the column right next to yours, backs us up with such statements as, "It seems to me that in Houston we are approaching the point when there will be a fit to every passenger. You have our permission to fight it out with the colonel." Roddy McPhee in Springfield Union.

Was it Charley Leedy who said: "The jitneys are giving clothes pins for transfers, because they are good on every line?" But that's got nothing to do with it. A nickel is a jitney and a nickel bus is a jitney bus. We'll leave it to Roddy McPhee and Mortimer Lewis in Houston Post.

A Young Man With Sense.

"Lizzie, will you be mine?"  
"Not on your life."  
"Don't you love me?"  
"No, I don't, and never did."  
"Then you will never marry me?"  
"Not while I have got my right mind."

"Are you sure?"  
"Absolutely sure. I would rather be shot than marry you."

"Thank you for your kind words, Lizzie. You had better get ready to marry me in order to do my duty, but now that I have been refused I will never have to ask anybody else. Now my will is made, and I am going to be a bachelor and save money for my old age."

## **BY AN IMPRESSIONIST.**

If I were an artist, I would paint her face.

Just as I saw it last night: Its perfect contour I would trace. With its delicate lines and white. But, oh!—What artist could paint her face.

As she painted it last night?

What? No Clothes for Soldiers? Headline in our own well-known paper: BARE GARRISON PLAN FOR ARMY.

Let us save Vienna! She may have had her faults. But she gave the world the sausage. And the pretty dreamy waltz.

Oh, Those Large Camp Girls. WEATHER PUTS DAMPER ON HUGE CAMP GIRLS AT JAYHAWK.—Dowagiac Daily News.

## **SIDE TALKS**

By RUTH CAMERON.

It is Not To Laugh.

A sense of humor is a trait of which any one who possesses it is justly proud and for which he should also be justly grateful.

The faculty for being diverted where less fortunate people are annoyed," says Stevenson, "is a rare birthright and worth many a mess of porridge."

But there are times when even this blessed faculty is out of place.

There is a time to laugh and a time to be disgusted and it is a big mistake to confuse the two.

The American habit of being amused by corruption in politics and laughing at the rogues of the clever politician who steal away with things is an example of such confusion.

"If you think it is funny to be imposed upon by a man who wears an Englishman's cap, saying, 'You will never lack for something to laugh at.'"

I thought of that the other day when I heard a discussion of the way women abuse certain privileges granted by department stores. One shop which had previously been very indulgent to its patrons has become much stricter in the past year. The reason is that it has been shamed by the example of another.

For instance, one woman ordered several fine rugs out for inspection and returned them three days later without buying any. In the meantime she had a week-end party.

Another had a \$75 dress made to order. She returned it the next day, saying that it was too small. It was stained with champagne.

Again, a woman had a French model gown sent out on account, keeping it three days. The dressmaker had had her dressmaker or two from that model. She had actually had her put on and taken it from the gown to be sure to get it just right.

# **EVENING STORY**

His Dollars and Cents.  
(By Flora A. Monty.)

"A frump of a schoolteacher! No use! I'll not be extra nice to her," fretted a thin, high-pitched male voice.

Beth shrank into an alcove of the garden wall and deliberately listened.

"Oh, come, Benson! She's not a frump. As to her being a teacher, she doesn't spread it on, and she's absolutely human, and alive to a good time." The voice raised in protest, was deep and earnest.

Beth smiled weakly. Ned Greston's tones, as well as his words, dulled the rasp of the other.

"So much the worse. She'll be alive to my money, and I won't be safe from her a minute. That's the trouble of a fellow who is born to wealth."

He sighed in complacent sympathy for himself.

"Well, I understand that there'll be one woman of your class here—Miss Mary Lange, who is struggling thru life trying to spend the millions her father left her." Ned laughed as eager interest forced off the bored expression on James Benson's face.

Beth left her hiding place, unobserved, and indignantly made her way to her room. It was too bad—that habit Mrs. Edmund's hostess, had of assigning beforehand to her men guests the girls she expected them to be nice to. Beth vowed that she would veil herself in an icy courtesy toward this wealthy Benson who imagined himself a target for all unmarried women.

She chose her loveliest gown for her appearance at dinner that evening. He it confessed that Beth's gowns were few, so they were chosen with that serious consideration that arises from necessity, and they very delicately defined her charms. A soft Brittain-colored tulle enveloped her with regal grace and her golden hair made a shining aureole to crown it all.

To Ned Greston's mind, she made a most satisfactory contrast to Miss Mary Lange, as the dinner guests assembled in the drawing room for the first introductions. Miss Lange went in for social settlements, political equality, and advanced philanthropy, and she looked the part. Added to that, she was a woman of great smart clothes, and affected a coy manner with the men. Both efforts were unconvincing, but owing to the defenseless and the mild manner of her failures and was received with a deference that flattered her soul.

But when the introductions were made in James Benson's mind passed thru such a "moneyed" atmosphere that he simply could not grasp the fact of wealth and the social position. He paused to look at her smart clothes, and affected a coy manner with the men. Both efforts were unconvincing, but owing to the defenseless and the mild manner of her failures and was received with a deference that flattered her soul.

He listened not for names, but delivered a list of the names of the guests. He found her fairly prince before coming here."

"Yes-it is true," very softly.

"Absolutely." "He's in luck," was the unsteady response. "He's in luck," was the unsteady response. "He's in luck," was the unsteady response.

Instantly his arms were around her, his lips taking their toll from her own. "It's your own fault," he gasped, "but I'll help it. I love you, even if you do belong to him." Then, grimly, still holding her close, "wonder how he'd like to find you in my arms."

"Beth—do you mean," you said— "I said I met him before I came here and I did. I met you a whole year before that." (Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

## **DINNER STORIES**

Spain's Big Palace.

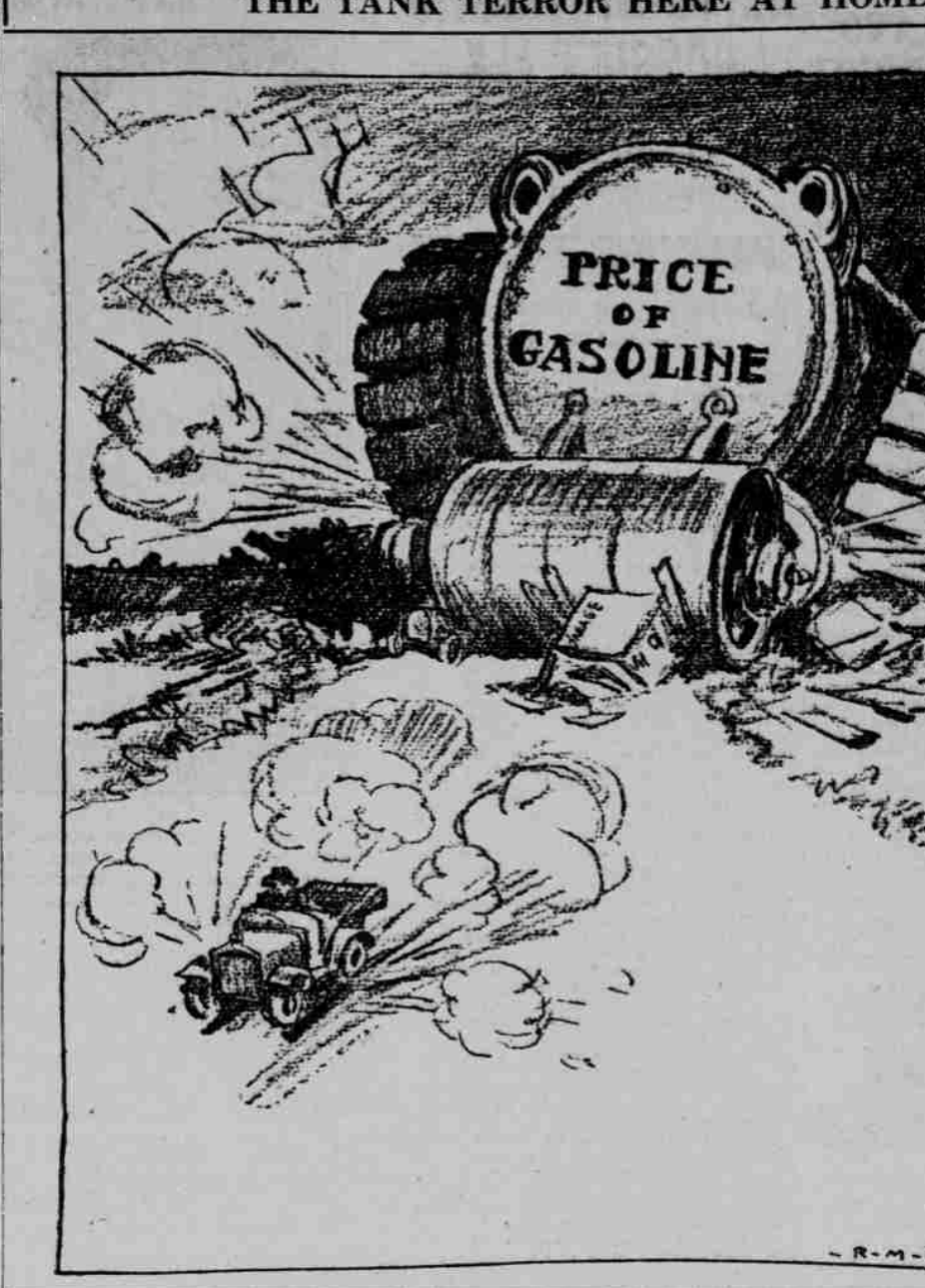
Twenty-seven miles from Madrid, on a bleak, treeless plain, stands the Escorial, one of the most remarkable buildings in Europe. It is 786 feet long and 223 feet wide, with tall towers at the angles. It comprises at once a convent, a church, a palace and a mausoleum.

On August 19, 1557, the Spaniards gained a great victory over the French at St. Quentin, and the Spanish king, Philip II, had the building designed to resemble the famous gridiron on which St. Laurence suffered martyrdom by being roasted to death.

The work was begun in 1562, and continued for more than twenty years. The building contains a vast number of treasures—paintings, sculptures, life-size figure of Christ on the cross, done in ivory by Benvenuto Cellini.

As it stands today, the Escorial and its contents represent an outlay of more than \$10,000,000. Here lie the bodies of all the Spanish kings since the Emperor Charles V, except Philip V and Ferdinand VI.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

# **THE TANK TERROR HERE AT HOME**



## **HOUSEHOLD HINTS**

The Table.

Gingersnaps—Two cups New Orleans molasses, two cups brown sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon ginger, one tablespoon vinegar. Stir all together, then add enough flour to make dough stiff enough to handle. Bake in a quick oven.

Marshmallow Pudding—Whites of five eggs, one cup sugar, one half box sparkling gelatin (two-thirds cup cold water on gelatin (placed in pan of hot water), let cool. Beat eggs very stiff. Put in gelatin slowly, beating constantly. Dissolve coloring and put in one-half of mixture. Rinse pan with cold water, pour in layer about colored and white, sprinkling ground nuts between layers. Cut in slices and serve with whipped cream.

Peach Frying—Whites of two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup peaches. Beat whites of eggs with sugar and peaches sliced fine. Beat until it is the consistency of whipped cream. Put between layers and on top of cake. Any cake recipe.

Indian Trelon—Twelve red peppers, twelve green peppers, three yellow peppers (seeds removed), twelve onions put thru lemon squeezer and pour boiling water over. Make a syrup of three parts vinegar, two cups sugar, four tablespoons of salt, spices to taste. Cook all from one to 1½ hours, stirring frequently to keep from burning.

\*Cuba yearly imports 6,000,000 dozens of eggs.

## **BED TIME TALES**

BY CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

### **BUSHY HEARS THE STORY**

Bushy Beaver was so surprised and puzzled he could hardly believe his own ears. Surely he must be dreaming! He pinched himself and awoke three times; no, he wasn't dreaming. Mother Beaver was over there helping him. And Beaver was nibbling at some roots and everything was just as natural as could be. Bushy just about made up his mind that he had been dreaming when he thought Mother Beaver said she was going to have dishes for her party, but that he was waked up now, when he heard Mother Beaver speak.

"There, Father Beaver," she said cheerfully. "One more round, and your treat will fall. So if you will excuse me, I'll go over and talk to Bushy a minute." And without waiting for an answer, she slipped over to where Bushy was sitting and began to whisper to him about everything. Bushy, she whispered kindly, "but I don't want long and 223 feet wide, with tall towers at the angles. It comprises at once a convent, a church, a palace and a mausoleum."

"While you and Little Brother and Father Beaver were talking to Mikey Musk-rat, he had Mother Beaver's sudden idea popped into my head. I thought I'd slip away and find something good for you all to eat. Maybe I should have said that gave me the idea. Anyway, I slipped away. And I hadn't gone a hundred feet back into the woods, before a great big voice said, 'Who there?'"

"Of course I was frightened, but only for a minute. Then I saw that it was Policeman Billy. I said to him, 'Nice evening.' Very, how do you do?"

"I'm hunting something to eat. I want to surprise my family," said I. "Oh, Father Beaver, Billy, having a voice said, 'Who there?'"

"Of course I didn't know what a party?"

## **HOUSEHOLD HINTS**

The Table.

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